Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
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From the Liverpool Chronicle.

THE SEAMAN'S GRAVE.—By J. S. WARD.

The sea! the sea! the open sea,
The blue sky o'er the billows rolled,
Where silent and alone, we bore from below
The corse of the drowned sailor.

On the gratings placed, in his hasc mock laced,
The ensign floating o'er him
We thought of his home, and his words found birth,
To tell the love we bore him.

And we weighted him well, with shot and shell,
That he might sink fast and true,
His sleep might be, serene and free
In the deep, deep coral cave.

A while we stood, in musing mood,
Then lowered him o'er the side,
And we whistled the breeze, and we hailed the seas,
As he sank on the dark blue tide.

Some bubbles arose, from his place of repose,
And we gave a parting cheer,
We gave but one tear—for that was sincere—
And that was for the lonely dead.

But the sea-bird's wail, and the stormy gale,
And the roar of the ocean wave,
Seem'd only like dirges, and the funereal surge,
Of the seaman's watchless grave.

Preston, Dec. 1833.

From the Casket for March.

THE LUNATIC,—A TALE.

"Elle etoit de ce monde ou les plus belles choses
"Ont le pire destin;
"Et une fleur s'epanouit a peine sur cette rose,—
"L'espace dun matin."

MALHERBE.

Twenty-one years have now been added to "those beyond the flood, since the burning of the theatre in my native town of Richmond. Two years after that fearful night, I was in Philadelphia; one evening, I found myself by chance near the Lunatic Hospital, and impelled by one of those sudden and mysterious impulses which burry us withher they will in spite of ourselves, I sought admission. I was shown into a precinct, whose sovereign, insanity, surrenders her empire only to Death. Yet, not more purposeless dwell on the general aspect and inmates of the place; the gloomy borrors which marked some cases—the melancholy and appalling interest attendant on other patients—all were denied and disappeared before the powerful impression, produced by one solitary figure. Sparing by a glass-door, situated at the remote end of a lonely gallery, and partially shaded by a green silk curtain, I was all at once arrested by a strain of music so soft, so sweet, and ethereal, that, in the enchantment of the moment I could have

"Deemed that spirit form on high,
"Round where suns burn saint washid,
"Were breathing heavenly melody."

I held my breath to listen, and recognized the notes of a piece of music, which I had masterly executed by Scarlatti's, performed in unison with a celestial voice of the most exquisite of the voice of the Romish church. The gentleman, who politely showed me through the establishment, stood at my side, and motioned me to silence, as cautiously approaching on tip-toe, I took note through the glass of the inmate of the secreened, of the hapless minstrel, whose surpassing art screened thus exercised in triumph over madness. I shall never forget the strange combination of rapt, and reverential devotion in the aspect of the lady, to whom I owed the treat. Her head was bent forward, her hands clasped, her lips parted, her breath hushed, but the ecstasie head drawn back in such ecstasy of upward gaze—the swaying form loosely wrapped in shawl, and falling rentinely down the back, and the entire negligence of life by the intensity of fervent feeling,—the impassioned tone of the air, and the words sung and expressed, and attested the very depth of religious abstraction as exalted and sincere as that of a St. Augustine or a Pascal. I was struck by the holy hymn was at an end; symphonious blending of song and accompaniment ceased away; the lady former ceased, and memory began in me to disentire the spell of imagination. There was something in the cast of the features, the person of the gifted but unhappy sufferer before me, familiar and yet strange, as the wild perplexities of a troubled dream. He had dropped her folded arms on the piano, and sat with his head resting on them as in study. I could not distinguish from my view; but my eyes, as they glanced for a moment from him around his prison, encountered fresh memorials of the Asiatic recluse. Attention of its interesting tenant. The apartment was of unusual dimensions, fitted up with the most elegant to comfort; and the many fanciful decorations pendant on the walls and scattered throughout, and the general air of taste, and of disordered mind. One compartment, covered with the rarest butterflies in fine preservation, gave tokens of a branch of natural history; another was hung with a series of little maps superbly colored; an old ceremon vadin by in its upper case on a table beside the piano forte, and a window seat was occupied by an Eolian harp, on the sill of which, for warmth, they came loaded with fragrance from the beds of a flower-garden beneath. The profusion of exotics, evidently tended by a careful hand, perfumed the chamber, one solitary flower, however, of native growth standing in a recess the sacred emblems of his picturesque faith—a crucifix delicately carved in ivory and ebony, and a copy of the Missal in splendid bindings, and several choice paintings of female saints.

"That knell in pretend prayer,"

but my attention was chiefly drawn to an antique cabinet wherein were displayed various landscapes in miniature of the liveliest tints, and executed with the ingenuity and approaching nature. One in particular cultivated by a mill in full motion, over the face of a transparent lake the most beautiful scenes near Richmond; but my observation was quickly attracted from it to that innermost unit of the apartment, the fortunate artist. As the breeze moved the respon- ive strings of the lyre near him, the sound started from his dreamy lethargy, he arose—and advanced, but with his back still towards us, to the window there he stood in a profound of negligent grace, while the bright rays of the setting sun, shading suddenly from under a gorgeous cloud, fell full on his countenance, and clearing on the chestnut curls, that clustered in rich profusion over his brow, seemed to crown him with a glory like that playing in old pictures about a canonized head. At last he spoke—and in a voice, which, though it was but the echo of some faint and half forgotten song, poured forth as if in converse with an imaginary being, a torrent of words, so impetuous that for a while I was bewildered, succeeded protestations, and we could hear him forcibly to the piano, and had ventured to unclose a little way—murmur out.

"Then you will go Sophie; you dont love me well enough to grieve for me, when I am gone."

Consider in the first I have asked you to forego, while I am away, the pleasure of being near you; of gazing on you. See you star just rising bright, so pure, the dewy type of thy beauty and thy duration; but that star is not all my love. I watched it in pride and joy as the luminous regent of thy fate appeared to smile down upon me from a cloud, and I look back at death, as swift as thought, interposed between me and the star I worship; it vanished from my sight—that one alone of all the starry scroll, was blotted out—and the darkness of the grave usurped the regency of its reign. Sophie, I suspect that what may this portend,' then stopped as if hardening to reply; then burst on me with the most impressive gestures. "Then, dearest, since you must go, smile once more on me and I'll think it but the chance of a brief hour that doom to madness, adieu! adieu! I must not linger thus, Sophie, stay, give me that rose that imparts thy hair, and if to-morrow is preserved brightness on us, I'll bring it back and replace it midst those tresses." Another pause—"Sophie, one moment more, look at thy lovely orb, how precious now her light! so may she shine on my vigil and be the mirror to foresleep thy fair and favouring fortunes. But if aught dark or disastrous again dim her ray, call me not visionary; chide not my trespass, if I come even at midnight to thee to learn the worst! Sophie, you will go, my heart forbodes an awful crisis in our loves. Sophie! what if we never meet again! Sophie! what if—if—good night, good night! Forever!" was repeated in the low tones of tenderness, and the lover kissed from his forehead and the fair hand of clay fell on feature like those which memory sacrificed to Adonis or Joseph. I identified with a most painful thrill the original of the picture, which I contemplated as the "admirable Crichton" of the circle in which we had known each other. I had last seen him in the full energy of health and reason; I now beheld him a confirmed but generally harmless lunatic; he had been brought to the hospital by that dreadful catastrophe alluded to in my first lines.

Augustus Pelisson (as we called him) Augustus Pelisson, the son of an emigrant from Strasburg, in such esteem at Richmond as an eminent music master of respectable means—was looked on and cherished from his cradle as a prodigy of talent and beauty. In person as well as in mind he combined the peculiarities of two nations—the fine, versatile and ardent genius of the French mother being one with the morbid sensibility, and addiction to mysticism and abstruse study, characteristic of the German blood. The refinement of taste and complexional warmth of temperament, denoting his affinity to the natives of the "sunny south," shone in strong and pleasing contrast with a poetical turn of imagination and fund of sterling sense, which evinced his descent from the son of his Fatherland: the like harmonious mixture of properties in his bodily presence, rendered him a most interior specimen of manly comeliness, with an aptitude to all arts and sciences, which alike prepossessed in both sides, early displayed itself as the master passion of his soul, and was pursued with an assiduity and devotion which made him, while yet a child, renowned throughout the state as a prodigy. He will both on the piano and violin. His father who foresaw in him the musical son of the age, reared him to his own vocation, though with infinite difficulty; for the parents were as sacred as [illegible] down to the sprightly, little Cecilia, [illegible] play-thing of the happy family circle. Augustus was then of an age the regular *finale* of each evening, to the great discomposure of the sensitive Augustus, who, though he ladies always smiled on him as a supplicant, to taking of all diversions proper to youth, and indeed would not be found in the more unfrequent courtesies which so gracefully acknowledged the su remacy of a dazzling appearance over the most distinguished merit in rank and fortune; and the young Pelisson, as polite as he was handsome, was admitted on a familiar footing into the first houses in the town. But though courted and admired there as much as Rosin in London, and even caressed by a portion of the fair entertainers; the heart of the elegant musician, formed to feel that excess of passionate attachment, immortalized by Petrarch in Roussaeu, already bent with love strong as death, for one not as fascinated but as generous as himself.

Among the friends of the Pelisson family, there was a French refugee from San Domingo that had rescued a fortune, with his wife and three daughters. To the second of these, just turning into womanhood, was rendered by all who saw her, that spontaneous homage to which the sensitivity might bow before a celestial visitant; for seldom or never did the union of our earthly sphere so fraught with all that bespeaks an origin from on high—as fair, as gentle, and as lovely was the child of the exile. Yesterday, was Sophie Vernier. There was nothing of the pride, or the vanity of beauty and fascinating brilliant or commanding to sparkle or impose; and the charm of that heavenly face, perfect as it was in contour, expression and feature,—yet lay in its transparent reflection of such inward sanctity and singleness of heart as carried back the mind to the image of our countenances while yet ing in the freshness of virgin beauty amid the Eden of our birth. Sophie accompanied the family under those restraints which among the French always guard the boudoir, between [illegible] at the [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

for me. You would do another kick with which I ob-
ject to you. I would not to ask your pardon for im-
pudence, but I am not impudent. I am only a plain
man, and I speak plain truth. I am not a man of
words, but I am a man of deeds. I am not a man of
promises, but I am a man of performance. Why should
you not understand me? Why should you misunder-
stand me? Why should you misinterpret me? Why
should you misrepresent me? Why should you misap-
prehend me? Why should you misconstrue me? Why
should you misjudge me? Why should you misappre-
ciate me? Why should you misvalue me? Why should you misesti-
mate me? Why should you misknow me? Why should you misthink me?
Why should you misbelieve me? Why should you misdoubt me? Why
should you misdoubt me? Why should you misbelieve me? Why
should you misthink me? Why should you misknow me? Why
should you misestimate me? Why should you misvalue me? Why
should you misappreciate me? Why should you misconstrue me? Why
should you misrepresent me? Why should you misinterpret me? Why
should you misjudge me? Why should you misapprehend me? Why
should you misunderstand me? Why should you misunderstand me?
Why should you misunderstand me? Why should you misunderstand me?
Why should you misunderstand me? Why should you misunderstand me?
Why

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected by the Secretary Evening Post, by Rohr, T. Buck-ley, Publisher of the Reporter, Commercial Director, and Price Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 28, 1834.

ASHES,		Import 1833 lbs.	23
pot,	4 25	MOLASSES, duty 5 cents gal.	
pearl,	4 25	Muscovado,	25 @ 27
BITTER,	11 @ 12	Havana,	27 @ 28
Lump,	11 @ 12	Porto Rico,	27 @ 28
Prime No. 1	9 @ 10	Cuba Clayed,	28 @ 29
No. 2	8 @ 9	Cuba Muscovado,	28 @ 29
No. 3	7 @ 8	Brazil,	28 @ 29
BEESWAX,	25 @ 26	Cuba Box,	28 @ 29
BRISTLES,	25 @ 26	Cuba Clayed,	28 @ 29
CANDLES, mould,	12 @ 13	Cuba Muscovado,	28 @ 29
dipped,	10 @ 11	Brazil,	28 @ 29
COFFEE, Rio,	10 @ 11	Cuba Box,	28 @ 29
Laguira,	10 @ 11	Cuba Clayed,	28 @ 29
Java,	12 @ 13	Cuba Muscovado,	28 @ 29
Cuba,	10 @ 11	Brazil,	28 @ 29
Domestic,	10 @ 11	Cuba Box,	28 @ 29
COTTON, Louisiana,	12 @ 13	Cuba Clayed,	28 @ 29
Mississippi,	12 @ 13	Cuba Muscovado,	28 @ 29
Alabama,	12 @ 13	Brazil,	28 @ 29
Tennessee,	12 @ 13	Cuba Box,	28 @ 29
Upland,	12 @ 13	Cuba Clayed,	28 @ 29
Georgia,	12 @ 13	Cuba Muscovado,	28 @ 29
Florida,	12 @ 13	Brazil,	28 @ 29
Alabama,	12 @ 13	Cuba Box,	28 @ 29
Tennessee,	12 @ 13	Cuba Clayed,	28 @ 29
Upland,	12 @ 13	Cuba Muscovado,	28 @ 29
Georgia,	12 @ 13	Brazil,	28 @ 29
Florida,	12 @ 13	Cuba Box,	28 @ 29
Alabama,	12 @ 13	Cuba Clayed,	28 @ 29
Tennessee,	12 @ 13	Cuba Muscovado,	28 @ 29
Upland,	12 @ 13	Brazil,	28 @ 29
Georgia,	12 @ 13	Cuba Box,	28 @ 29
Florida,	12 @ 13	Cuba Clayed,	28 @ 29
Alabama,	12 @ 13	Cuba Muscovado,	28 @ 29
Tennessee,	12 @ 13	Brazil,	28 @ 29
Upland,	12 @ 13	Cuba Box,	28 @ 29
Georgia,	12 @ 13	Cuba Clayed,	28 @ 29
Florida

Yesterday the spoke of Libby,
What given it all his favour.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Query.—If the number 1 is divided by 10, how many times 11 will go by the figures 2—2—2—2, &c. forever ?

The following invention is extracted from an old Eng. lish Magazine. A solution is required.

☞ The following humorous effair appeared in a London paper shortly after the Russians had been routed at Inkerman, and the allied troops entered Moscow :

WHO MARCH TO MOSCOW.

Because to would on see
Is a resolution to Moscow ;
Or that some great end the why was blue ;
Or Parker, Parker !
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

Four hundred thousand men
Four hundred thousand men
Their wives Mamelon by dinner and Dukes by the dozen,
Who the fields of battle
Marshes ! Parker !
But they must be married to Moscow.

Some to the Russians they turn'd,
All on the road from Moscow ;
They had to fight his way all through.
Some had a cold bed and very watery vous,
But the fighting it was cold, and the sky was blue,
Marshes ! Parker !
And to be got to Moscow.

They made the plans too hot for Jim,
They had not got to Moscow,
To get them had cost him much ado,
But then no lower course to have,
When the fighting it was cold, and the sky was blue,
Marshes ! Parker !
Then to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they must chase to him,
All on the road from Moscow ;
Some with a cannon ball to encounter,
And all the others that end as shells ;
And all the others that end as grisly,
And all the others that end as "Hospital,"
And all the others that end as "Graveyard,"
Who could, from one end of "Hospital,"
And all the others that end as "Graveyard,"
Shirkovitch, and Jolnkovitch, and Karatskowitch,
And all the others that end in sk,
Ostkowitsky, and Horrofsky, Kantschefsky,
And all the others that end in sphky ;
And all the others that end in ovo,
Marshes ! Parker !

A terrible man with a terrible name,
A name which all must know very well,
Nobody can speak and nobody can spell ;
Without either end or middle,
Without either end or middle,
And Menschikoff he march'd them off,
And Tschitschkine he march'd them off,
And Tschutschkine he march'd them off,
And Wrowonoff he marched them off,
And Wrowonoff he marched them off,
And Liprandi he started like a shot,
And Rudiger he flogg'd them off.

They stuck close to them with all their might,
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night ;
They made a rather pretty dinner than light ;
But pretty soon they would no more do,
Marshes ! Parker !
For they remained in Moscow !

And then came on the frost and snow,
All on the road from Moscow ;
All on the road from Moscow to the west,
That he was not quite omnipotent,
And worse and worse the weather grew,
The fields were as white and the sky as blue,
Marshes ! Parker !
What a terrible journey from Moscow !

The devil take the hindmost,
All on the road from Moscow ;
Quoth Nap, who thought it small delight,
To fight all day and to freeze all night ;
So as we are in a hurry,
When the fields were as white and the sky as blue,
Marshes ! Parker !
He rode away, I tell you true,
And home to Moscow.

"I will forbid my bond if you are not wrong," exclaimed a dull and warm senator, to the prisoner's counsellor, in an angry tone. "I accept it," replied the counsellor, "and I am happy to have you for my bail."

In the crowd to get a peep at Mr. Biddle, says the New York Star, a young Irishman at work at the Sugar House, was heard to exclaim, "Bedad, there's Nicholas Biddle, the President of the Bank ! Sure, he looks as much like a chrysanten as you or I, Barney."

FOR A WATCH-CASE.

Here Ressler, see, in youth, in age, in prime,
The steeling steps of never-standing Time ;
Which from the cradle to the tomb is flung,
Think what a moment is to him that dies.

He who a watch would wear, two things must do,
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

Reporters rest a While.—Lovely in her person and lively in her mien, her beauty, however transcendent, is power to excite particular, only general admiration, and her loveliness is never for an instant to suppose us to approach to levity. At the same time she must be no prude, object to seeing hearts toss-a-nois with a man who evidently has a right to his property, and never take the arm of a bull, assembly, or walk, if he offers it ; and be neither offended at a joke, or inclined to cut jokes which may have a doubtful meaning, or are evidently intended to convey one. She must be very clean in her person, and very well dressed, but never too late for breakfast or dinner, or long at her toilette. She must have accomplishments, but be always ready to confess, if she does not—frankly get into debt, and trusted for out dressmaker, she must take care to not to succeed her mamma again, but not to be in the least hurt when she finds that many justly prefer her husband's ex for being a dowdy. She is to be very simple in her dress, and hardly aware of the difference between satin and silk, yet she must be ever to be up to the fashions, and to wear the newest patterns. She is to be very thrifty, but not fond of gossip. She is to know every thing, but not to be learned. She is to have great resources in herself to shut doors, but there must be nothing repulsive in her manner to those who seek in the worst wrong. She is to like a garden, without pretending to experience in the art, she must be the greatest possible interest in her husband's pursuits, and the slightest neglect of that part of each day which is to be entirely hers, and a few yards in succession to be extremely bored on horseback, though privately she may wish herself at home with a book. She is to be of the class, though she cannot get upon a horse nor mount a flight of stairs without help. She is to be fond of retirement. She is to be extremely agreeable in society, without seeming to be aware of the power she possesses ; are to be highly accomplished, and dressed with infinite taste ; but their governesses' wages are not to be high, and they are to be ready to do a little of all and dressed, she is to be highly pleased if her husband's friends are occasionally asked to dinner at home. *Lady Isabella St. John, in the Keepsake for* 1834.

Reporters not a Humane.—He is to be very fond of children, and must not on any account be found smoking much upon the subject of his dominoes, or the number of his cigars. He is to be very careful of his personal linen. He is to bet with spirit at New-market races, but not to bet at all at Epsom. He is to be very fond of necessaries and balls, but not like talking or dancing. He is to endure beauty but never look at it. He is to have a great deal of luggage, but not much personal luggage, but only consume a few cwts by himself. He must be very susceptible to the attacks of the brain, yet regard Paris as a heaven upon earth. He is to be very much attached to his mother-in-law. *Lady Isabella St. John, in the Keepsake for* 1834.

A friend has requested us to publish the following letter, from General Washington to the Rev. Thomas Coke, Bishop of America, Asbury, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in answer to an address from that Conference, in behalf of the Methodists in the United States.

GENTLEMEN,

I thank you individually, and through you to those society collectively, in the United States, my friends and brethren, for your kind address, and for the expressions of my fellow-citizens, on my late appointment to the command of the armies of the United States. Be assured, gentlemen, that no occurrence in the course of my existence could have happened more pleasing to me, as well on the account of my domestic happiness, as from motives of philanthropy and religion, than the opportunity which is now afforded me to contribute my humble endeavours to the establishment of the government of the United States, which will, I hope, be the basis of systems of liberty to many other nations of the world, besides the inhabitants of the United States.

I shall rely much upon the continuance of your prayers, that my endeavours may be crowned with success, and that I may be enabled to conduct myself in the present arduous and untried situation, with honour to myself and advantage to the cause in which I am engaged.

I am, gentlemen, with great respect,

Your friend,

G. WASHINGTON.

To the Bishop, and the Clergy of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

How to make the most of a little land.

In the spring of 1830, I purchased in this city a lot of ground, 20 feet front and 100 feet deep. Part of the lot is covered by the building. When I purchased it, it was in a very dilapidated state. Two old houses, notwithstanding the house had been condemned as unfit for habitation, were occupied by poor families. I planned the present house, and built it in the summer of 1830. It contains a few peach and three grape vines. One of the peach trees, which had but few branches, I have trained to the wall. I have since added three more peach, four cherry plants, which had but few branches, I have trained to the wall. I have since added three more peach, four cherry plants, which had but to bear fruit soon. I have also planted three fine grape vines, that will bear plentifully next season. I have trained them to the wall, and they now form a beautiful shade to the entrance of my house, and will soon conceal vines. I raised on the same ground, the past season, a fine crop of potatoes, beets, onions, and cauliflowers, in great abundance for family use. I have also had a fine crop of strawberries, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of raspberries, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of currants, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of gooseberries, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of blackberries, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of huckleberries, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of whortleberries, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of cranberries, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of elderberries, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of mulberries, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of blackberries, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of raspberries, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of currants, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of gooseberries, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of blackberries, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of huckleberries, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of whortleberries, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of cranberries, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of elderberries, which I have sold for a high price. I have also had a fine crop of mulberries, which I have sold for a high price.

Now is the time to Buy Real Estate.

THE Subscribers have a few more lots left, on the Lombard Road, which they will sell on reasonable terms, and on a credit of one, two, three, four and five years. Those lots are situated on the Lombard Road, commencing at the distance of one square from the Bridge, and extending westwardly, and are now being rapidly improved. Persons wishing to purchase, will find it to their interest to call soon, as the lots will be sold on the most reasonable terms. Apply to

JOHN MAGEE,
JOHN MAGEE, Jr.

Baltimore, Feb. 7, 1834. fe 8—3m

Wood For Sale.

THE Directors for the preceding year in the First Savings Society of this city, having been reduced to large, the Managers of that institution were induced to extend their operations to a greater degree than ever, and to receive deposits of their depositors, and their purchases will be made of the most liberal terms, which will be found fully a period to ascertain correctly, the amount of the expenses, have resolved to close the affairs of the Society and dry fish and Pine Wood, which they wish to dispose of the Depot, at the foot of Chestnut street, extending from Pine to Lombard, between 11th and 12th streets, where they will supply to merchants and others at the most reasonable rates. fe 15-3t

SPRING
MILLINERY.
MADAME JOHNSON has opened her Chestnut street, will open on Tuesday, the 21st inst. a handsome assortment of
SPRING MILLINERY,
procured by the late Havre packets.
fe 18-3t

Buckingham Boarding School.

THE ladies are respectfully informed that H. Lloyd and E. Hodgson have removed their School from Buckingham, Bucks county. The liberal patronage which they have received for the last two years, has induced them to extend the means of instruction by increasing the number of their teachers, and procuring the services of

Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography and the use of the Globes, History, Mythology, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry. The arrangements for the comfort of the pupils are such as to render a home away from their parents. The next term will commence on the 1st of March.

TERMS—For boarding and tuition $60 per quarter of 12 weeks, payable in advance. Each pupil will be required to furnish a bed and bedding.

Reference, John Child, No. 137 North Second street, Richard Lloyd, Moorestown, John Lloyd, Mount Holly, Joseph Lloyd, Moorestown, John Watson, William H. Johnson, Philadelphia.

fe 15-3m

Musical Tuition.

MR. PFEIFFER, professor of music, has removed from No. 61 to No. 71 Locust street, opposite the Mount Vernon Hotel, where he continues to give instruction on the Piano, Forte, and on Singing.

Mr. P. is a professor who has attended her professional pupils during the seven years in which she has resided in the city, and has given entire satisfaction to all who have employed him. fe 15-3t

Information Wanted

OF William Martin, Shoemaker by trade, or his wife Margaret, or any of their children, who left Ireland in the last month of May, or month of June, 1833, and arrived in Philadelphia, in the month of July, 1833, and from there went to the interior of Pennsylvania. Please direct to John Scott, No. 422 South Second street, Philadelphia. fe 15-3t

The Penny Magazine.

THIS work, by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, is published in monthly numbers, and in half yearly volumes, and republished in New York, by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and for sale by the principal booksellers of Philadelphia.

The Penny Magazine, western entrance of Westminster Abbey ; and the Penny Magazine of Westminster Abbey and Hall, Portrait gallery, and Penny Magazine of Westminster Hall—common curious places, and Penny Magazine of Westminster Hall—common curious places, and Penny Magazine of Westminster Hall—common curious places